THE IOLA REGISTER

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IOLA. - - - - - KANSAS HER SMILE HIS SUNLIGHT.

> Sweetheart, when rhymes I make For your dear sake, You bring Like to that bird am I. Which, when the sky At night

No longer knows Delight; Or like of flowers that one

Pleasure nor joy to bless Have I unless Your face Over my paper shines
And I ghts the lines
With grace.

For me your smile is day-The golden ray That ci mas

For you the Bird's song, this-The flower's fresh kiss 'And breath; Nor may their nightful come Till both are dumb

In death! -- Frank Dempster Sherman, in Century.

COSTLY AND CURIOUS. The "Lingam God" and Jewels with

Uncanny Histories. ue from the Fact That they Once

Formed Parts of Hideous Idols - Superstitions Regarding the Kohl-Curious wares now and then come under the auctioneer's hammer, says the London Standard. But it is quesever had the opportunity of offering for and Durga and Juggernaut were unsupersonal which was recently disculable value, and their shrines were culable value, and their shrines were culable value, and their shrines were "Lingam god" which was recently dis-posed of by Messrs. Phillips & Son to glittering with the pearls and emeralds the highest bidder. This deity, it ap- and rubles which devotees had in the

pears, is not particularly salable, for, if course of ages offered up with the ob-we are not mistaken, this was not the ject of purchasing their favor or of first time that it had been put up to auction. However, even the genuine-ness of the emblem is open to discus-sion, there can be no doubt as to the intrinsic value of the materials of which it is composed. The center portion scruple. The ornaments of the Kreistconsists of a huge chrysoberyl cat's eye the glittering cymophane of the jewelers-which, when cut en cabochon, exhibits something like a breastplates and crowns, all set in diadrop of water or the pupil of an eye moving about inside of it, with a band topaz, and opal, the market of light floating on its surface. This stone in itself is precious. been even estimated. A single neck-But it is set in a very large yellow topaz, and the whole is base, encrusted with diamonds and set around with nine different gems. Thus, quite patent what right the jewelry sive distinction which was put forward haps, have been, and as all precious mystical power, its former use as a ership of the "Mountain of Light." sobervl is, for example, believed to excarried in the left hand, an old superstition attributes to it the power of disall these merits—tangible, suppositi-tions and legendary—all that a discerning public bid for the "Lingam god" was £2 450, and at his figure it was duly

Altogether, it appears to us that the phraseology of our auction-room, been er than given away. Two thousand four hundred and fifty pounds seems a shabby price for such a mass of Oriental gems; while, if sentiment is to t in the appraisement, to art with the Lingam god for its value part with the Lingam god for its value in precious stones proves either that the traveled Hindu is becoming skeptical, or that he prefers to spend his gold mohurs on treasures regarding tained. The latter explanation will, we suspect, be found to be the correct Young Bengal and young Bombay are, perhaps, not quite so zealo ramminic faith as their fathers were. But among the millions of India there still exists zeal enough for the great god Siva to render it impossible for any thing so sacred as this encrusted cat's eye to pass into profane hands. The truth seems to be that the "Lingam god" lacks that connected history which is essential for a lasting belief in its reality. It can be readily undering a piece of jewelry can not, with perfect safety to himself or to his correspondent, take the world into his know more about the direction of the confidence regarding the circum

under which it was acquired. The

disposed of to a Bond street dealer.

idol, we are told, somewhat vaguely, no -was formerly the property of one of the most ancient of the temples of Delhi and that it came into the hands of the present owner about the time of the Indian mutiny. At that period it was secreted by one of the Queens of the exiled King of Delhi, by whom it was sold when money was an object of greater moment than the possession of a noted Lingam. But this lady was, of course, a Moslem, and therefore her only concern in the deity was its intrinsic value; moreover, it was not her property, but that of the temple in which we are told it had been kept for more than a thousand years. There is, therefore, no getting over the fact that the cat's-eye-god or no god-was at one time a piece of ecclesiastical property, and that, directly or indirectly, forms part of the loot of unsanctified hands. In plain language, it was In plain language, it was stolen; and if the India Office credited the story, and did its duty, it ought at once to have been impounded until the history of its transference from Delhi to was fully explained. At all events the Lingam god failed to evoke any great amount of enthusiasm. We are, therefore, justified in assuming that the trade in this description of property is just at present a little flat, or that the collectors of Indian curios prefer to inmpromising vest in articles of a less co description than a crystal of cymophane which, with its setting of topaz and gold and diamonds, exchanged hands during the turmoil of a military mutiny in the city of the Grand Mogul.

At the same time, while sharing the udicious doubts exhibited by the tardy bidders at yesterday's sale, we are by no means certain that this particular idol is not the embodiment of a most romantic chronicle. Most gems are It may even be the god it claims to have been, and there can hardly be any question as to the fact of the stones having at one time or another been objects of religious superstition. In ancient India—in modern Hindestan, indeed—the temple of a god was the fame to which every thing of supreme beauty and value eventually tended. Time shunning their wrath. To this day there are plenty of temples in India which would yield fine profit to an in-vader of the type of Nadir Shah, and some of less fame, but of as little nar Avatar of Vishnu, in the great temple on the Island of Srivangam, consists of armlets and necklaces and mond, and ruby, and emerald, and lace of emeralds, rubies and diamonds, with pearl pendants, can not be worth supported on an Indian native gold less than £60,000, while one of the even as a piece of Indian jewelry, it is though small, is of good water. As not without interest. But chrysoberyls for the vessels of gold under which the and diamonds and topazes, garnets, attendants stagger, and the maces glit-saphhires and emeralds are plentiful tering with flat diamonds, which dazzle saphires and emeralds are plenature the present the eyes of the sightseer, they are combination of special value is the combination of special value is the lieved to be of enormous value. There are, indeed, whispers to that effect that the same willy priests have managed What is exactly meant by this is not to substitute Parisian paste for the more very clear. The Linga worship, every student of the East is well aware, is one any case, there is little chance of any of the most popular of the rites prac-ticed by the Sivas, or adorers of Siva. as did Mahmud of Ghazai, who, when Originally it meant no more than the worship bestowed on the symbol of life, in the Pageda of Sumnat, found himself though, like every other branch of the mystleism of Brahminism, it has of late with which it was stuffed. The Orloff degenerated into practices so gross that even the higher class of Hindus repudi-scepter, is said to have formed one of ate their claim to divine origin. But the eyes of a Hindu idel, and, though there never was any Lingam "god."

The Siva-Pursna names twelve Lingas traced to any such place of distinction, which were the chief objects of this it is certain that, as far back as Indian worship in India; but in reality the sym- legend deals with it-and this extends bol, in some form or other, exists every- to at least two thousand years-this where, by the river banks in clay, at huge diamond has been associated with the bathing places in mud roughly put together, and in the village school houses among the rude images of Gam-esa and Saraswati. It is, therefore, not and so did Nadir. the Durance, and disposed of yesterday has to the exclu- Runieet Singh, the Lion of the Punsive distinction which was put forward jab, while not a passing m'sfortune on its behalf. A Lingam, it may perever smites the British Raj, but the wise men of the Indian bazaars shake stones are in the East supposed to have their heads and recall the present own charm need not be doubted. The chry-may, indeed, be safely calculated that almost every gem has a long history. pel phantoms, "rid people of their fol-lies," and if bound round with gold and destructible, and so portable are they and so carefully guarded, that it is sel dom that they are ever lost or de persing night hags even before the crowing of the cock. But, in spite of hand to hand, appearing and disappearing, and changing masters in the most extraordinary fashion. A temple servant gouges out the eyes of a temple delty, and the precious plunder passes from thief to receiver, until it shin the crown of the sovereigns of France sed deity has, in the sordid The churches of mediaval England were pillaged of the Virgin's jewels, to be of some hidransferred to the temple eous Hindu goddess. Or, to come nearer to our own times, a French marshal may coolly twist a priceless emerald off the crown of the Madonna To-

Improving a Proverb

in the days of his adversity, to the Jews

"Tve always admired proverbs, my dear," Mr. Dusenberry said, as he rubbed his chin in a contemplative way. They are chock full of signifi They are laconic and logical. Now, for instance, there is the saying, 'Straw's show which way the wind blows.' What could more tersely ---

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Dusenbe with a twinkle in her starboard eye "If you'd sift the ashes every morning, instead of letting me sift them, you'd know more about the direction of the wind than all the straws in creation would show you."—Detroit Free Press.

We have a low arrived. You went up the straws and in the companionship of our loved ones who the night you put your hand on the door are departed there is an Austerlitz, there wind than all the straws in creation. Was the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish death, which has devas-with the devil. We have either to contained a thousand other households, had quer our troubles or our troubles will constitute the signal of the companionship of our loved ones who the night you put your hand on the door are departed there is an Austerlitz, there will the world, war with the flesh, war that Amalekitish death, which has devas-with the devil. We have either to contain the companionship of our loved ones who the night you put your hand on the door are departed there is an Austerlitz, there will be signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalekitish death, which has devas-with the devil. We have either to contain the companionship of our loved ones who the night you put your hand on the door are departed there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War "If you'd sift the ashes every morning.

TRIALS OF LIFE

Dr. Talmage Discourses on Battling for Salvation.

The Joys and Sorrows of Life-The Hay piness of a Bellever in the Heavenly World-Promises for the

In a recent sermen at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took for his subject: "The March Homeward," and his text was from 1 Samuel xxx. 8: "Pursue, for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all." Dr. Talmage said:

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors, finshed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronzed warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and fings are waved and kisses thrown until the armed men vanish beyond the hills. David and his men soon get through with their campaign and start homeward. Every night on their way home, no sooner does the soldier put his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child. O, what long stories they will have to tell their families of how they dedged the battle-axe, and then will roll up their sieeve and show the half-healed wound.

With glad, quick step they march on.

with glad, quick step they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come up to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect home. Now they come up to the inst mit which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheeks turn pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas! the curling smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy. The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village and carried the mothers and the wives and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few minutes transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping; for when a strong warrior weeps the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear them to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrows turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries: "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double-quick." take them, and without fail recover all."
Now the march becomes a "double-quick."
Two hundred of David's men stop by the
brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief.
They can not go a step farther. They are
left there. But the other 400 men under
David, with a sort of panther step, march
on in sorrow and in rage. They find by
the side of the road a half dead Egyptian,
and they resuscitate him and compel him
to tell the whole story. He says: "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of fire.

Very soon David and his enraged com-

Very soon David and his enraged com-pany come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers and under Amale-kitish guard. Here are the officers of the kitish guard. Here are the others of the cups are full, the music is roused, the dance begins. The Amaiekitish host cheer and cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of bugle or warning of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene, suddenly as Robert Bruce hurled his Scotchmen upon the revelers at Bannockburn. David and his men look up and one glasce at their loved ones in aptivity under Amalekitish guard throw them into a very fury of determination; for you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children. Ah, there are lightnings in their eye and every finger is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the whirlwind. Amidst the upset tankards and the costly viands crushed under foot the wounded Amelekites lie (their blood mingling with their wine) shrinking for mercy. No sooner do David and his men win the victory than they throw their swords down in the dust!—what do they want with swords now!—what do they want with swords now!—and the broken families come together amidst a great shout of joy that Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The gether amidst a great shout of joy that makes one parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before he can get his child to come to him before he can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence, but soon the little finger traces the familiar wrinkle across the scarred face. And then the empty tankards are set up and they are filled with the best wine from the hills, and David and his mee, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag. So, O Lord, let thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home. David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds fronthing that he had a long procession. of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered up in years of conquest—every thing now in the hands of David and his men. When they come by the brook Besor, the place where staid the men sick and incompetent to travel, the jowels and the robes and all kinds of treasures are divided among the sick as well as among the well. Shrely the lame and exhausted ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for this pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a handful of gold for this wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as think that these men who laines by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said: "These men did not fight." David, with a magnanimous heart, replies: "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the

stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank (tod, in these times a man can go off on a journey, and be gone weeks and months, and come back and see his house untouched of incendiarry, and have his family on the step to greet him, if by telegram he has foretold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekitish disasters and there are Amalekitish disasters and there are Amalekitish disasters and there are Amalekitish disasters. eases that sometimes come down up one's home, making as devastating wo as the day when Z klag took fire. The ledo—as Junot actually did—to sell it, are families in my congregation whose in the days of his adversity, to the Jews of Amsterdam, just as a "Lingam god" snatched by a Moslem queen from a Delhi temple came yesterday to be offered, "positively without reserve," in a London auction room,

Armed diseases came down upon the Armed diseases came down upon the quietness of the scene—scariet fevers, or pleurisies, or consumptions or undefined disorders came and seized upon some gembers of that family and carried them away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go away. Ziklag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled house-folds. Zikiag in ashes! Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. O, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard when the time came for you to go aboard the steamboat or rail car and start for me! You arrived. You went up the

blasted yours. You go about weeping amidst the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble heart stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashed:

the desolation of the chart stops is hands folded, and you we have no more power to weep. Zitte ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in he city of Washington and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him:
"What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for, into a foreign port!"
"O," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead! I must get away, six children are dead! sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across this audience? Why is it that in almost every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? O, no! You say: "The world is not so bright to us as it once was;" and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones goue, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

In Uister County, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. In Uister County, N. Y., the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was almost bewildering. The maidens of the village had emptied the place of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of Christ, who had come to take her to his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of those who stood at the altar exchanged earth for Heaven. The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because they had all been taken for the bridal hour. The dead minister of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone from them less than a week before in his strength; now he comes home lifeless. The whole church bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. Little children were lifted up to look at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorraw, when they passed that with messages of savesta. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place dreadful with their weeping. Another village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hope, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his triumph. A hundred lights blown out in one strong gust from the open door of a sepulchre. Ziklag in ashes!

I preach this sermon to-day, because I want to raily you as David railied his men, for the recovery of the loved and the lost. I want not only to win Heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. I have on other Sabbaths used other inducements.

I mean to-day, for the sake of variety.

on other Sabbaths used other inducements.

I mean to-day, for the sake of variety, hoping to reach your heat, to try another kind of inducement. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may, and to tall you how.

o tell you how.

I remark, in the first place, if you want I remark, in the first place, it you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their country was must take the other country, and it we want to reach their commanionship we must take the same road. They repented; we must repent. They prayed; we must pray. They trusted in Christ; we must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life; we must live a re-ligious life. They were in some things-like ourselves. I know, now that they are cone, there is a halo around their like ourselves. I know, now that they are gone, there is a halo around their names; but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebelious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone, some things in as that are now only toleroble may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies, we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus, they would have all perished; but Christ confronted them, and said: "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that these captives trod was a troubled

that these captives trod was a troubled path and that David and his men had to go over the same difficult way. While a these captives were being taken off they said: "O, we are so tired; we are so sick; we are so long; "But the men who had charge of them said: "Stop this cry, ing. Go on!" David and his men also found it a hard way. They had to travel it. Our friends have gone into glory, and it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into the kingdom. How our loved ones used to have to struggle! how their old hearts ached! how sometimes they had a tussle for bread! In our childhood we wondered why there were so many wrinkles on their faces. We did not know that what were called "crow's feet" on their faces were the marks of the black raven of trouble. Did you never hear the old people, seated by the evening stand, talk over their early trials, their hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barel hardships, the accidents, the burials, the disappointments, the empty flour barre when there were so many hungry ones to feed, the sickness almost unto death between ghastly ber avement and an ubroken home circle? O, yes, it was trouble that whitened their hair. It was trouble that washed the lusier from their eyes with the rain of tears until they needed spectacles. It was trouble that made the cane a necessity for their journey. Do you never remember seeing your old mother sitting, on some rainy day, looking out of the window, her elbow on the winout of the wind out of the window, her elbow on the window-sill, her hand to her brow-looking out, not seeing the falling shower at al (you well know she was looking into the distant past), until the apron came up to

"Oft the big, unbidden tear, Stealing down the furrowed cheek, Teld, in eloquence sincere, Tales of woe they could not speak.

"But, this scene of weeping o'er.

Past this scene of toll and pain.
They shall feel distress no more,

"Who are these under the altar?" the question was asked, and the response came: 'There are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Our friends went by a path of tears into glory. Be not surprised if we have to travel the same pathway.

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in Heaven. "Who are these under the altar!" th

I remark, again, if we want to win the society of our friends in Heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and of tribulation, but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invalnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down on the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They sald: "We must win it Every thing depends upon it Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettvahure, there is a Waterloo. War

quer us. David will either stay the Amalekites or the Amalekites will stay David. And yet is not the fart to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the

are watching from those heights to see if through Christ you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon themvictors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! Strike harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much further on toward that heavenly reunion.

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign nary, coming through the "Narrows" to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them and then look atour families, and the cry would be: "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone, we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the ternal companionship of your heavenly friends?

O, yes, we must join them. We must sit

riends?

O, yes, we must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in Heaven that Davidand his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed! You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on May 2 to a house where one of your friends lived and found him gone you would not think that he was If you should go on May 2 to a house where one of your friends lived and found him gone you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware; they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of Heaven? O, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom jof a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical textured. No. Beath gares them the faw

that Robert Hail is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that

know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this moraing is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those 200 men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore, their heads ached, their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that they were broken-hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning and I find at this audience this morning and I find least 200 who have fainted by the bro

broken-hearted man, U, broken-woman, fainting by the brook Besor. A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any out of this instrument; so I is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument; so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed and I will play music on that." But God says he will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed he will not break."

As far as I can tell the diagnosts of your want divine nursing and it is

disease, you want divine nursing, and it is promised you: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." God comforteth, so will I comfort you." God will see you all the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says thatin April Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying in the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death bed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I her there is not a word of truth in it, for am there now, and Jesus is with me, and find it a very happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not; I am noth-ing but a poor, miserable sinner, but bave an Almighty Saviour and both of His

rms are around me."
May God Almighty, through the blood the everlasting covenant bring us into the companionship of our loved ones whe are already entered the heavenly land, have already entered the neaventy hand, and entered the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Testing It by Degrees

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—"Aren't those very small apples in that barrel,

Boy-"Yes'm, on top, but down be ow they're great big fellows. Old Lady-"Isn't that very unu to put the small fruit on top?"

Boy-"Yes'm; but the boss has just bought a motto to hang on the wall esty Is the Best Policy,' and I heard him say that he'd try a new fake on the apples just to worked."—N. Y. Sun.

The Secretary of the Navy has re Ossipee had arrived at Kingston,

DEMOCRACY IN POWER.

It Had a Pair Trial and the Pe The New York World gives the unusual emphasis of a double-leaded leader to an effort toward explaining

plea after hearing it:

It was not a far trial.

Because the Democratic party neither controlled not lays unim to having controlled the administration of President Cleveland.

Therefore, it can not be held responsible for the results of that administration, neither for the injury his vaciliating course has done to the cause of Civil-Service reform, nor for doing "the right taing at the wrong time" in trecipitating the tariff issue on the perilous edge of a Presidential campaign, nor for the other multiplied mixtukes of the President, nor for his obnoxious personal acts or characteristic

And again:
The Democratic party, as is now well established, really carried the Sintes which will cast a majority of the electoral votes for General Harrison, and so the candidate, and not the party, were defeated in the recent election.

Neither of these conclusions of fact are well founded. New York went for Hill, indeed, but it does not follow that it went Democratic; the local ques-tion of license carried Hill, the purely National questions of tariff and Southern suppression of the ballot carried Harrison through New York. And it is fair to suppose that they would have carried any Republican candidate. The test of party strength in New York was on the Presidential vote. Mr. Cleveland lost in 1888 most of the few Republican votes that went to him in 1884, and gained few of the votes that had come into existence since that year. Besides which at least four States in the Southern tier were not "really carried," but only really "the Democratic party. ounted by

Nor is it fair on the part of the World to charge that Mr. Cleveland did not surround himself with Demo-cratic counsellors. It is true that he called no one to his Cabinet from New York City, but New York City had no Democrat whom any man of any pre-tension to prudence would have called to it. New York was carried for Cleveland by the Mugwumps, not by the Democrats, and Mr. Cleveland knew this. He also knew that it was the working of the leaven of Tildenism which made it possible for the Mugwumps to temporarily affiliate with the Democrats; he, therefore, chose one of Tilden's favorite lieutenants to be his Secretary of the Treasury; and in Daniel Manning he found the most able and careful financier of the Democracy. He rewarded the Mugwumps with the post-office of the chief city of the land. And the New York post-office and the National Treasury under Manning's administration have been the best managed de partments of the public service. Mr. Cleveland was not defeated because he nominated Manning and retained Pear

He was defeated because he and hi Administration did fully and fairly represent the Democratic party, which is the solid South. Bayard, Garland, Lamar, this trinity of Southerners in Lamar, this trinity of Southerners in the Cabinet, was eternal proclamation of the supremacy of Democracy of the old-fashioned stripe. In the Senate, Vance and Vest and Beck; in the House, Reagan and Mills and Breckinridge were the authoritative expe nents of the Presidential desires and policies; Northern members of either house were in few of his councils even Voorhees was not in high favo at the White House. The South gave the votes; it was the Democracy, and therefore, was a controlling influence upon the Administration. policy was championed and suggested by the South. It was a fair trial; by an accident Mr. Cleveland was electe to the Presidency; of set purpose he placed himself and his Administration under Democratic control. He debased the civil service, he increased public expenditures, he favored direct taxation, he was opposed to protective tar iffs. All these are manifestations of Democracy; the country endured them for four years, and then by its vote re-strained their further display. It was a fair trial.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CHARGING BRIBERY. One of the Most Transparent of Many Victors Mugwump Lies. The mugwump journals of

try are assuaging their grief over the defeat of Cleveland by steadily reiterating the charge that the election o General Harrison was accomplished by "open and wholesale" bribery especially in Indiana and New You This ory is so constant as to lead to the suspicion that it is a free-tra trick to lift the responsibility for the Democratic defeat off the free traders shoulders, where it properly belongs. The simple fact is that there never was a campaign in which the "open and wholesale bribery" practiced by the Democratic party was more "open or wholesale" than it was in the last; there never was a campaign in which robbery of the ballot was more open or wholesale than it was in the last in those Southern States which made the candidate, the platform and the cam paign of the Democracy of 1888; ar o knows it better than the thou and one editorial liars who did their to besmirch the Republica candidate during the campaign

The corruption fund of the Deme

cratic party ran up into the millions. The offices were in that party's hands es were in that party's hands and there never was a campaign in which every office-holder was deeply bied than the last. From Cleveland's \$10,000 check, which was duplicated by every member of his Cabinet save Garland, down to the scrub-women and janitors about the Government buildings, every office holder contributed to the fund, and if he were not willing to do so threats of removal soon brought him to terms. Aside from this, there was at least as large a fund as the Democrats ever raised before collected by contribu tions from Democratic voters. Every State and county committee in the Na tion was a begging committee. And last, but not least, the monopolists, the railroad sharks and the importer who hoped for an increase of through the adoption of a free-trad policy, all added a total of million more to the vast corruption fund of the Democratic Campaign Committee. This enormous sum was largely count would have made the num erent in New York and Indiana, in the much larger.—N. Y. Independent

desperate endeavor to override will of the people. It is co at least seven millions were spent in New York alone. In spite of all this, the free-trade issue defeated the De-mocracy. The Republicans won in spite of "open and wholesale" bribery on leader to an effort toward explaining that the Democratic party has not been given a fair trial in office. It may be well to let the World speak for itself, and consider the value of its for itself, and consider the value of its lead the voters and build anew the lead the voters and build anew the free-trade structure that was demol-ished on November 6 last. Some few to admit the real reason for their de feat. For instance, Senator Gorman, of Maryland, says the Democrats lost a great many votes in Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia on the tariff issue. In one district in Maryland he says one thousand Democrats voted for General Harrison on that accou The mugwump charge is a transpare nt lie.—Toledo Blade.

THE CHIVALRIC BAYARD.

A Very Small Secretary of State for a Very Large Country. No man in his day and generation

has been more talked of in connection with the Presidency of the United States than Thomas J. Bayard, of Delaware. Had he hailed from one of the so-called doubtful States he would almost beyond question have received the nomination of the National Democratic convention in 1876 inste Mr. Tilden. In 1880 nothing but the fact that he was not politically available deprived him of the prize awarded to General Hancock. It was Cleveand's supposed ability to carry New York that prevented the Chicago convention of 1884 from practically considering the candidacy of the Senator from Delaware. Nevertheless, so great was his political distinction, so deep-rooted the belief in his states manship, that the first Democratic President elected to office since the days of Buchanan turned as naturally and as inevitably to Bayard as Line turned to William H. Seward when making a selection of a Secretary of State. In times past when Decrats of the better sort cor ered the question of Presidential nom-inations they were wont to dwell with pride upon the fact that their party contained the one great and noble man, a chevalier without political fear and above personal reproach, and then, in view of the improbability of his ever receiving a nomination for the Presidency, they were compelled sadly to admit that their ideal statesman was cast in a somewhat too classic mold to awaken the enthusiasm of the masses of his party, was too much of a chevalier, in fact, to bring out the full Democratic vote, and, gonf hand, to lead the Democracy of Jef-terson and Jackson to victory and spoils. Although Bayard was at no time popular with his party, he never lost his claim upon its reverence and most distinguished consideration until Mr. Cleveland won both admiration and applicate for what was supposed to be an act prompted by remarkable political sagacity and foresight—the appointment of a big man from a small State to be a very small Secretary of State in a great big country.—Chicago Mail.

THE PRACTICAL EFFECT.

How Free-Trade Theories Work When Put in Actual Practice. Free trade would promote the interests of labor—so the tariff destruc-

ionists declare. Two firms in Cincinnati were manucturing regalia of a certain kindthis being an important but not the only branch of their business—and in the process much hand-painting was required. The persons who did this part of the work were well paid and other employes also received good wages. Suddenly, about six months ago, one of the firms notified all mployes making regalia that their services were no longer needed. In a short time the other firm became painfully aware of a rapid decline in its regulia trade, and it was not long until orders ceased altogether. An investigation unraveled what was at first an amazing mystery. The fact was disclosed that the rival firm had struck a bargain with a manufacturing establishment in Europe and was rting regalia, by gress in having left these articles on the free list, and supplying the entire emand at low rates owing to the cheap

abor abroad. Here is a plain illustration of the effect of the theory of Cleveland, Carlisle and Mills when put in prac-tice. Has free trade benefited the regalla-makers?-Cincinnati Times.

PRESS PARAGRAPHS.

The Chicago Tribune remarks that "Democracy is sixty years old." Aha—died ten years before the allotted age of man. - Detroit Tribune.

My dear," said Mrs. Cleve-and, "public affairs must be harass-"Very Harrison, inng to you now." leed," replied Mr. Cleveland.-Time.

General Harrison is building his Cabinet just as Solomon of old built his temple. "There was no sound of tools heard."—Chicago Inter

Every fraud ever perpetrated on the ballot-box was a Democratic fraud. The death of suffrage fraud would be the death of the Democratic party. Governor Hill's denunciation of election frauds is amusing. - Chicago Jour-

The negro race need have no fear of unjust treatment at the hands of the President-elect. Their rights party's power to redress wrongs.—
Buffalo Express.

The demand for the electoral reform is heard in more than a dozen different States. Fortunately, the Republican party is in power in most of these States and ready to do all that intelligence, integrity and patriotism can do to make the reform a reality. Philadelphia Press.

There will be sixteen Republican Representatives in the next Congress from the Southern States. This s a beginning in the work of putting an end to the "solid Democratic South." A free ballot and an honest